

What can be added by comment to the unvarnished horror of this story?

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Professional Infanticide—Startling Revelations—Glimpses of Life among the British Canaille.
From the London Times, July 31.
The public mind has of late been more than usually horrified by cases of mur-

der, and we might have hoped that it would have been for some time impossible to surpass the dreadful impression which had been made upon our minds. Yet a case has just been tried on the Western Circuit which not merely ex-

ceeds in horror the two recent cases, but, in all probability, transcends any instance within the remembrance of most of us. Last February the body of a child was found on the public road in the neighborhood of Torquay wrapped in a newspaper sown up with worsted. It might have been dead some days, for the weather had been extremely cold, and its appearance was compatible with its death having been caused either by exposure to the weather

or by suffocation. It appeared to be about four months old, and by comparing this date with the Register of Births the police were led to suspect that it

was the legitimate child of a servant girl named Harris. It was soon discovered that the child of this girl had been placed with a woman named Charlotte Winsor, who, with her husband and with a little grand-daughter eight years old lived in a retired cot-

eight years old, lived in a rented cottage in the neighborhood of Torquay. It was also made certain that the child thus placed with this woman had suddenly disappeared a few days before the body was found. The grand-daughter had one day been sent out of the

room and into the village while the infant was with its mother and Winsor, and on her return the infant was gone, and she was told its aunt had come for it and had taken it away. This little girl no sooner saw the dead body of the

child that she exclaimed, "That's little Tommy," and the body was further identified by the woman at whose house the child had been born. The story about the aunt was proved to be false, and Winsor was detected in several other misstatements. Upon such evi-

ence as this both Winsor and Harris were tried for murder at the last Assizes, but from some incompleteness in the evidence the jury were unable to agree, and the Judge dismissed them. He ordered, however, both prisoners to be

detained in custody, and they were accordingly again placed upon their trial at the present Assizes. Before this second trial commenced the prisoner Harris was offered and accepted as Queen's evidence, and her testimony, which was reported in full on Saturday

There is a bare and ghastly reality about the cold details of her statement which we could hardly induce ourselves to record, even if it were necessary.

to reproduce, even if it were necessary, but the merest summary of it is horrible enough. Having obtained a place about two months after her confinement, it became necessary for the mother to find some one who would take care of her child, and after falling in one or

two inquiries, she made an arrangement with Winsor to keep it for two or three shillings a week. She accompanied Winsor to the cottage on the day she left the child with her, and a conversation passed between them on the

very words of the witness: "As we were taking the child to the prisoner's, I said there had been one child picked up in the country. The prisoner said, 'I wonder I had not got myself into it once before.' She had put away one

for a girl who was confined at her house, who had promised to give her £3, but she did not give it her. I asked her how she did it. She said she put her finger under the jugular vein. She said she had stifled one three weeks old

for Elizabeth Darwen, and had thrown it into Torbay, and when it was picked up it was nearly washed all to pieces; that she had put away one for her sister Poory, as her sister said she would give her £1. * * * I asked her if she was not afraid, and she said she was not.

was not afraid, and she said, 'I—
with you; its doing good,' and she
would help any one who would never
split upon her. I was leaving, and she
said: 'I'll do whatever lies in my pow-
er for your child,' and I said 'All right,
and went away. A fortnight after, she

said 'if I would give her £5 she would do away with the child. I said I had not got £5 to give her. She asked me to give her a note to the father of the child. I said I could not do that. She said, 'Get it any how'.

else; I'll put them all by for thee if thou hast 40." I said I should not do any such thing. She said she did, and I could do the same." More than another fortnight must have passed before these diabolical suggestions bore their natural fruit. Winsor endeavored

to make sure of the money in anticipation, and moreover, in order to insure Harris' silence, was waiting for some opportunity of committing the murder when she would be in the house, and would thus be accessory to the crime.

One day the mother came and found her baby sitting up in a chair playing with the granddaughter. The girl was sent away, and while the mother sat a consenting witness in one room Winson took the little thing and smothered it in the next room under the bed-clothes.

The mother looked in, "and saw the bed made, but no child." It was soon dead, and then the two women quietly undressed it, wrapped it in newspapers and put it into a box. The mother shut down the lid, and Windsor locked it.

and put the key into her pocket. But their work was not yet over. The child was got rid of. Winsor came again to Harris at her place and demanded 4s. more to "take it up to Exeter." She had not got 4s., but she borrowed 1s. 6d. of her neighbours, gave it to Winsor and

for four or five; the kitchen was warm and there was a draught of air through it. When the work was done, she was warm and weary, went to her chamber and laid down on the bed to rest. The next day she felt better, but the next day the attack was repeated several times. On the fifth day she had an attack of lung fever; at the end of six months she was scarcely able to leave her chamber, and she was suffering, along with all the prominent symptoms of confirmed consumption; such as quick pulse, night and morning cough, night sweats, debility, short breath, and falling away.

A young lady rose from her bed on the next morning, and, leaning her arm on the cold window sill, to listen to a serene note. Next morning she had pulmonary fever, and another day she was able to get up. The remainder of a long life.

Multitudes of women lose health and life every year, in one or more ways by busying themselves in a warm kitchen until weary, and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa, without covering, and perhaps in a room without fire; or by removing the outer clothing and perhaps changing the dress or going out into the cold air, and then entering the house after a walk or shopping. The rule should be invariably to go out into a warm room and keep on all the clothing for at least five or ten minutes until the forehead is perfectly dry. In all weathers, if you have to walk and ride on any occasion, do the riding first.—*Hall's Journal*.

Numerous Clips from Mrs. Grundy
YALE AND HARVARD.—"Let both divide the crown." Harvard turns out the best Scholars—Yale the best Seamen.
KEY FOR ETHNOLOGISTS—If Ham was a Negro, is a Mulatto a Ham Sandwich?
QUESTION FOR DEBATE.—Is it possible for two about parties to beightly acquainted?
A HINT FROM MRS. G. TO ANGRY TITLED HUSBANDS.—Ducks of wives don't like Drake's Bitters.
A QUESTION FOR THEOLOGICALS.—Did the Man of Uz bear his Flesh Boils as patiently as every Man of U's endure the Bone Boils?
A QUESTION FOR HISTORIANS.—Was the City of Babylon founded by an Infant of Spain?
THE MYSTERIOUS PRISONER.
By our own Telegraph.
AUGUST 1, 1885.—n. m.—A man on the Railroad Cars. It is not known who he is.
AUGUST 2.—a. m.—He is heavily ironed, having Handcuffs on both Ankles and a Flat-Iron round his Neck.
He is supposed to be a Prisoner.
The Prisoner mentioned in the last Dispatch is from Texas, and, says he is going to Coney Island.
He has been identified by several Persons along the Route, but none of them

knew what his real name was.
 AUGUST 3.—a. m.—The prisoner from Texas is Jno. H. Surratt. He was instantly recognized by the inhabitants of Virginia and Tennessee who went to school with him.
 AUGUST 3.—p. m.—He has escaped and it has been discovered that he is not Surratt, but a suitor who had defrauded the Government out of eight dollars.
 AUGUST 4.—Captain Ryan, the Texas prisoner spoken of in previous dispatches, did not escape, as reported. The rumor arose from his leaving the cars at Brandy Station for a drink.
 He is supposed to be one of the original assassins.
 His name is Fuller.
 AUGUST 4 P.M.—The story of a prisoner being released from Texas, in previous dispatches, is untrue. It originated in the fact of a gentleman having been seen in the smoking-car with a heavy steamer watch chain on.
 AUGUST 5.—The gentleman referred to in the last dispatch is John H. Surratt.
 He was captured in a swamp, in Texas, by a negro woman, after three days' stubborn resistance, without food or shelter, clothing, gas, bath or ventilation.
 He expresses himself sorry for what he has done, and evinces a perfect willingness to be hanged at the earliest convenience of the Government.
 AUGUST 6.—Captain Ryan, formerly of the Rebel Army, has arrived at

A few unprincipled sensation reporters have tried to circulate a rumor that he is John H. Surratt, but there is not a word of truth in it.

No further information can be procured concerning this prisoner.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION.

I love thee for thy *chimion*, for the how
purchased hair,
Which thou hast on thine occiput the charm
to lead thee to wear
Oh, what a grace that ornament unto the
poll doth lend,
Wound on which seems a curtain-rod with
knobs at either end!

I love thee for the roses, adorned too, thy
cheeks that deck,
The lillies likewise, that purport thy perily
powdered neck,
And all that sweet *"Albion"* that o'er han-
thy features spread,
Improves the poor reality of Nature's white
and red.

I love thee for the muslin and the gance about
thy bonnet,
Like ends that in salad dots a lobster's tail
surround,
And old I love thee for the boots thine ankle
that defend,
So proper to the mannly style young ladies
now affect.

I love thee for thy figure not; there may, for
aught I see,
The clothes-trade of a draper's shop inside
all that dress be;
I do not love thee for thy face, do but thy shape
face know,
For 'tis its value, not the canvass hid
below.

I love thee for thine emptiness, thy vanity
and bridle,
But, oh! too lovely, far too dear, art thou
to be my bride,
So dear art thou to thee wouldst prove,
I marry thee, alas!
How very rich I ought to be, and should be
what an use!

— ENGLISH UNDEFILED.

I bend and say with earnest gladness,
(Her falling hair my whisker tickles,
"Ah, were my life but one long dance—
And with you I'd dance it—long days—"
Upon the balcony we lean.
I sigh, "Art thou how I suffer;
Be thou my Juliet! Be my queen!"
She only says, "Shut up, you duffer!"

In Rotten-row she takes delight,
I lift the durling to her saddle,
And when she comes to the fairy light
Says she, "O lother, let's skeedaddle!"

We go to see the new horseshoe,
She's a decided taste for punning;
And laughing at the dance grotesque,
Her lips of coral murmur, "so punning."

We've been to where the Friede sang,
But she has no taste for the song,
And very much prefers "Sag-lang!"
Which she declares is "awful jolly."

I seek the garden's shadiest place,
She lightly o'er the lawn comes tripping,
And offering a dainty case,
Says, "Will you have a weed, my pippin!"

It seems the strangest thing to me,
She's had a famous education;
Her father is a sage M. P.,
And helps to rule the British Nation.

PAINTED ANGELS.—A NEWSPAPER correspondent has had his feelings terribly shocked at Saratoga Springs, and thus explains the cause: For the whole week my most ardent sympathies were excited at the sickly, languid appearance of a young lady who had seated directly opposite me every day at the dinner table; her form was emaciated, her skin perfectly transparent, and a death-like hue seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere about her; her complexion with unnatural brilliancy, and under them was perceptible the ineffectable blue-black coloring—the tell-tale of a debauchee. I longed for an introduction, that I might recommend the application of fresh oysters or a blood-sucker; but failing at an opportunity to secure this privilege, an opportunity lady friend to suggest the application of a blood-sucker, I exclaimed, in my utter amazement, "why how verdant you are; don't you know that the lady yonder has her lower eyelids!" It was indeed true, as I have since ascertained positively. She for whom my whole soul has yearned in sympathy for a week was daubed all over with paint, and most shockingly. I have never before seen a greater quantity of taste to be in the extreme of fashion. Looking around at the dinner table to-day I saw no less than six ladies disfigured by a daub

blue black paint on the lower eyelids.
The next fashion possibly may require ladies to wear rings in their noses. It is bad enough to wear paste diamonds and pinchbeck jewelry; but what earth's angels begin to paint about the eyes, wear false brows, and false hair in a bag behind their heads, to which extremes may we not expect the de creatures to go!

Whimsicalities.

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